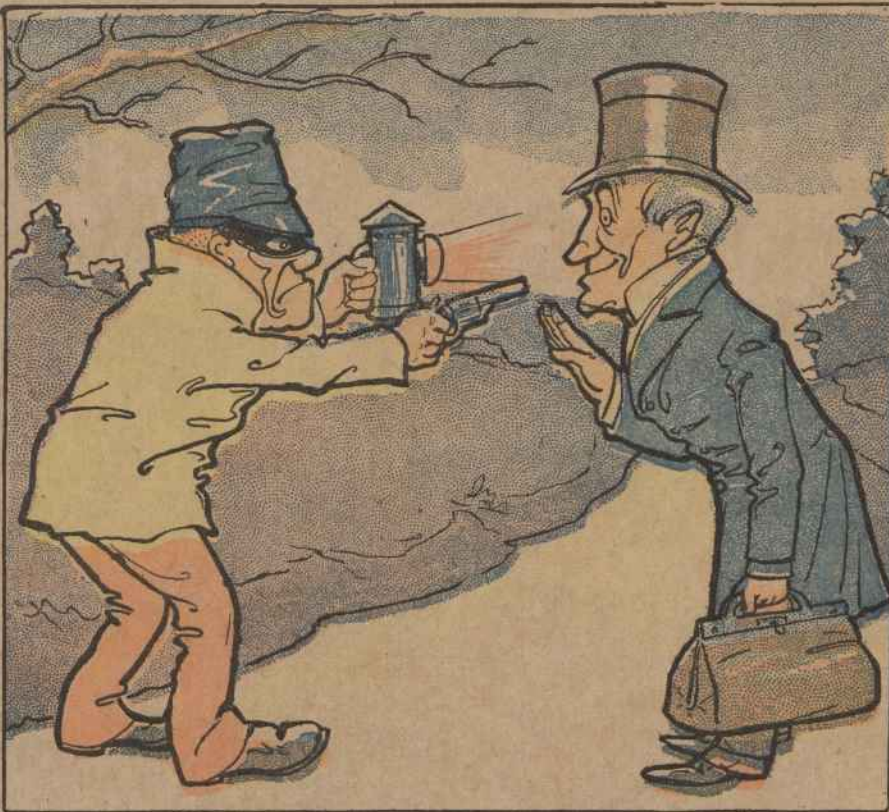


DIAMOND & DIAMOND OR THE FOILED FOOTPAD



1. Cried Horace Holdup in the dark.
"Hurrah! Here comes an easy mark!"



2. "Hand out yer cash!" he boldly said.
But the stranger smiled, all undismayed.



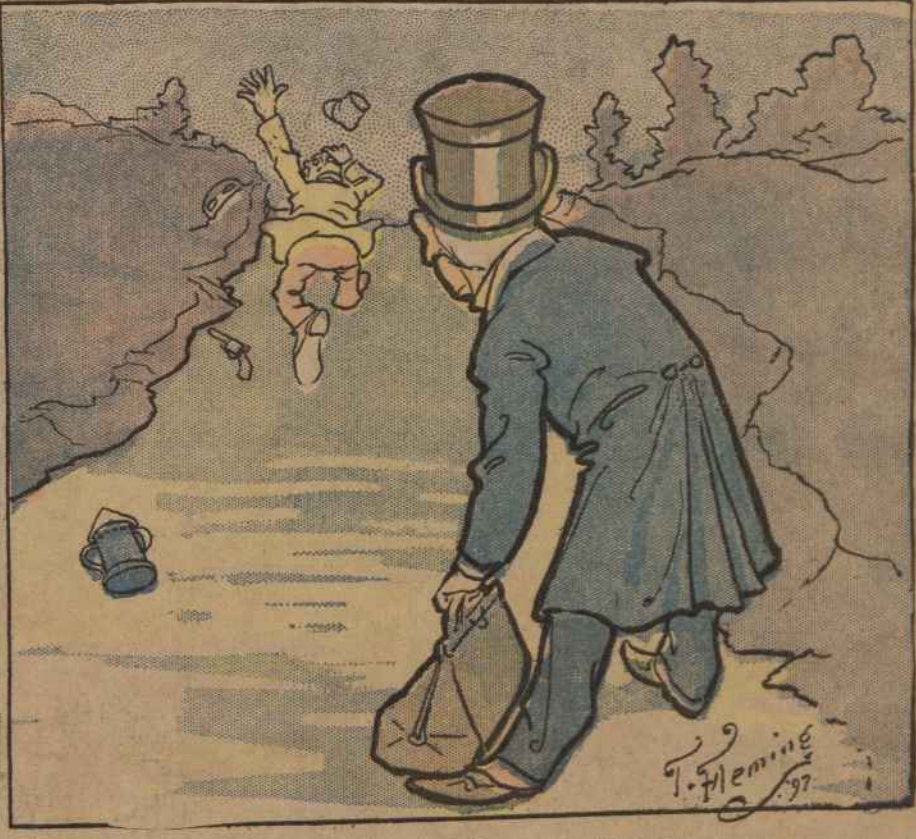
3. And said: "You're 'way behind the times,
I'll sell you a pistol fit for crimes."



4. And see, a nice dark lantern, too.
Equipped with all improvements new.



5. "I'd like to insure you, ere you go,
In the Footpads' Mutual Benefit Co."



6. "And"—But Horace Holdup grabbed his head
And off in wildest fear he fled

Willy's Lament.

When sister Nell an' her beau
Is in the parlor talkin',
They like to have me with 'em, so
In there I goes a walkin'.
An' then they'll sit so far apart—
Though I seen 'em together—
An' both get red an' fin'ly start
To speakin' of the weather.

An' Ma an' Pa is jus' the same.
If I should hear 'em scappin'
An' go to see, they act so tame
You might think they'd been nappin';
An' then they'll ask me what I want,
An' both start in together—
"Sif I had never heard a taunt—
To talk about the weather."

An' Sunday school is 'bout as bad,
For if I ask the teacher
Why does she always look so sad
An' mournful at the preacher?
She's almost sure to turn an' say
That me an' Jones together
Is little—What a nasty day;
She hates this stormy weather!

An' so I s'pose that if I die
An' go where Pa seems thinkin'
I'm sure to go—I dunno why—
Where there's no water drinkin',
O' Satan an' his t'mps 'ill come
An' yell at me together;
"I wonder why he looks so glum?
Wh'is this is glorious weather!"

A Legal Luminary.

The young lawyer was consulting in the jail
with his unfortunate client, charged with stealing
a stove.

"No, no," he said, soothingly. "I know, of course,
you didn't really steal the stove. If I thought for
a minute that you were guilty, I wouldn't defend
you. The cynics may say what they like, but
there are some conscientious men among us law-
yers. Yes, of course the real difficulty lies in prov-
ing that you didn't steal the stove, but I'll manage
it, now that you have assured me of your inno-
cence. Leave it all to me, and don't say a word.
You can hand over ten dollars now, and pay me
the rest."

"Ten dollars, boss!" repeated the accused man
in a hoarse voice. "W'y don't yer make it ten
thousand dollars? I c'd pay ye jest ez easy. I
aint got no money."

"No money?" The lawyer looked indignant.
"Naw, ner know w'ere I kin git any, eether!"
The young lawyer seemed plunged in gloom.
Suddenly he brightened.

"Well," he said, more cheerfully, "I like to help
honest men in trouble. I'll tell you what to do.
I'll get you out of this scrape, and we'll call it
square if you'll send the stove around to my
office. I need one, see?"

"I had to go to father in order to raise the wind."
"I suppose the blow almost killed father."

The Mountaineer's Story.

On a mossy log outside of the hardy old moun-
taineer's cabin the tourist lolled idly.

"I say, old man," he said suddenly, with that
easy city familiarity not always pleasant to iso-
lated folk, "let's have a story; one about bears,
or 'bars,' as I believe you call them."

The old man laboriously shifted his pipe stem.
"So you want a 'bar' story, hey; one about
'bars'?" he said slowly. "Wal, I kin tell you one."
And with ponderous, oft-hesitating utterance
he started in.

"One pleasant day," he began, "I was sittin'
around takin' it easy jest as you be now when
I happened to look up, an' thar before me I
seen six great bars. I had no weppen, an'
couldn't git away if I tried to run, so I
jest set thar as cool as I could an' stared
at the bars. They didn't move, an' I didn't,
knowin' that that was the best thing fer me."

"It was early in the mornin' when I first see
the scrape I was in, an' all day I had to sit
lookin' at them cussed bars. Night came, an'
still they was right thar before me, blockin'
the only road fer escape. Nex' day it was
jest as bad. Through the night whenever I
looked up thar was the bars. They hadn't
moved an inch. A week went by an' there
they wuz jest as I had seen 'em on the first
day. As you might think, by that time I
was in a pretty bad scrape. I began to git
desperate. I thought over all means of gittin'
away, but, as I understood, I couldn't do a
thing. If I only had a knife I might have
tried it. Another week passed an' thar I was
yet; then another week, an'—"

"Oh, here, here, my good friend," protested
the tourist, who during the latter part of the
narrative had shown signs of uneasiness, and
was now driven to open scepticism, "you don't
mean to tell me that you went without food
for some weeks, besides surviving the effects
of protracted exposure?"

"I didn't say nothin' 'bout
goin' without food," the old
man solemnly replied, "an' I
didn't menshun no extracted
exposure."

"But," cried the tourist in
extreme bewilderment, "how
could you get food?"

"Why," the mountaineer re-
plied, "all the time I was be-
hind those bars the faller
brought me my three meals,
of course. It would be onhu-
man not to."

The tourist quickly arose
and plunged into the forest.

The Woods Are Full of Them.

WEARY WAGGLES—Please give a square meal
to a man who has lost a job through lack of ma-
terial to work with.

FARMER—What was the nature of your job?
WEARY WAGGLES—I am a thinker, and I ran
out of thoughts.

Attachments.

Genius has taken the wheel and made
Room for the baby there;
And is there no place
On the bicycle face
For the valued baby stare?

A TROCHA FOR THE MICE.



Said old Aunt Jane: "I live alone;
Not e'en a tabby cat I own
To guard me 'm the awful mice,
And so I've fished this device.
It never fails its work to do,
I guess I'll patent it—wouldn't you?"

He Arrives at Last

About half a dozen men were engaged in remov-
ing a safe out of a jewelry store.

Every few moments some of them would anx-
iously look up from their work and around at the
crowd.

Evidently they were expecting the appearance
of some person upon the scene, but as yet he had
failed to appear.

One of the men spoke finally and said: "It must
be that he isn't coming." Then he glanced at the
other men to hear the remarks they might make.

"If he doesn't come, it will be the first time in
many years," remarked another, and then once
more he looked around at the crowd.

A third man contented himself with saying:
"Well, it's the first time in all my experience."

He stopped short, for just at that instant an ex-
cited individual broke through the crowd that was
still standing around and in an authoritative voice
shouted to the men: "Steady there, steady. Now
you have it—No—Hold on there. Now, this way
a little—Pull that way. Steady there—Now!"

The man, though it is none of his business, who
insists upon giving directions for the removal of
anything from a parlor stove to a railroad bridge,
had at last arrived.

An Anatomical Curiosity.

BROWNE—Of course Jones had his faults, but
his heart was on the right side.
TOWNE—No wonder he died.

Human Nature the Same Everywhere.

MR. CARLOTS—Those arctic nights are some-
times six months long.

LITTLE CLYDE—Yes, and I'll bet the
old folks sit up three or four weeks after
they send the boys to bed.

Encouraging American Art.

ANGELO DAUBINS—Do you think my
picture will be admitted to the academy
this Spring, Miss Maymi?

MAYMI SUSHKINS—
Oh, I'm sure they'll let it
in. I saw some awfully
poor things in the last
exhibition.

Hard Cipes.

THE QUEEN OF CLUBS—What ails you, sire?
THE KING OF CLUBS—I have a bad headache,
and I can't make out exactly which head it is.

Youthful Depravity.

He read dime novels by the score;
Folks called him a "degenerate."
He seemed to have a thirst for gore
That nothing in the world could sate;
All day and night he read the stuff,
And never stopped to work or play.
He simply couldn't get enough,
And couldn't—wouldn't—break away.

Ah, how he thrilled when "Deadly Dan,
The Lightning Sport," cried "Halt or die!"
Or when "Brave Billy" killed his man,
While hundreds stood applauding by;
And how he loved that dreaded foe
Of Indian tribes, "Scalp-lifting Bill,"
Who slew some thousands of Poor Lo,
And "only lived to shoot and kill!"

His favorite, though, was "Quick-Shot Dave,
The Boy Road Agent of the Plains,"
Who lived in splendor in a cave,
And robbed gold-laden wagon trains;
This desperado, twelve years old,
"Struck terror to the hearts of all,"
And whole battalions, it was told,
Before his deadly aim would fall.

Thus long he revelled in the deeds
Of gory heroes—ah, 'twas sad!
Of course, you say, a youth who reads
Such awful things must grow up bad;
He'll follow in the ways of sin,
And be a criminal—or a fool.
Not so this youth; for years he's been
The teacher of a Sunday school!

Ready to Give Satisfaction.

MRS. HARDUPPE—The butcher is outside and
says he won't leave until he knows the color of
your money.

HARDUPPE—Oh, certainly. Tell him I'm glad
to accommodate him, and that it's an invisible
green.

Relative Importance.

After the cable car collision, the following re-
port was submitted by the inspectors:

"The rear platform of No. 47 was almost torn
off; damage \$38. The woodwork of the rear of the
car was broken in places and repairs may cost
\$17. Nine window panes were smashed; damage
\$8.50. Other slight dam-
ages, \$11. No. 73 had its
front platform crushed
and its brake broken;
damage about \$47. All the
windows in the cars were
broken; loss \$12. The
springs were also injured,

but to what extent we have not yet been able to
determine. It appears from a superficial examina-
tion that the roof of this car has been loosened,
and that repairs costing a few dollars may be
necessary. The smaller injuries may be repaired
at a cost of about \$8.

"P. S. Also, a woman and a man were killed and
seven men were more or less injured."